



MARY AND HER LAMB.

## SLUMBER SONG.

Oh sleep, my little baby, sleep!  
And thou, fair moon from out the deep  
Of-heaven's blue, a watch-care keep  
Above my baby, till the day  
Hath dawned and shadows flee away.

Oh sleep, my little baby fair!  
I'll leave thee in a safer care  
Than loveliest lights that changing are.  
I'll give the orb that never sets  
And memory that ne'er forgets.

Oh sleep, my little baby! Close  
Thy tender lids in sweet repose,  
All through the night thy mother knows  
The Lord will watch her little one  
Until the dawning of the sun.

## NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colours in them; and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not

neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. I went into a little girl's room once, and all her clothes were on the floor, and her playthings, too. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

## A LITTLE HEROINE.

A missionary at Mandalay, in far-off Burmah, writes about a little Burmese girl there who has become a Christian. He says: "She is but twelve years old, but she has already quite a history. At the age of nine she was the only one left to take care of her old grandfather. Leprosy, that terrible disease which is so like sin, had made him deaf and blind, so that he could do nothing to earn his living. She had no father, and her cruel mother had gone away and left her. She used to lead about her horrible-looking old grandfather, begging. She cooked their little meal of rice—they seldom had anything else for breakfast, dinner, or supper—and

took all the care of him when he could no longer help himself."

After a while the good missionaries found the wretched pair. They gave the old man a clean bed in their hospital, and there he died on Christmas two years ago. His kind little grandchild, whose name is Mah Shway Mah, went to the mission school, and soon her quick wits made her the sharpest and best learner of all. She has become a faithful little Christian, and when she grows up she is to be a teacher and will teach the dark-skinned Burmese children to read the Bible and love her Saviour.

## HOW BUNNY WAS LOST AND FOUND.

Frank Goldthwaite is a little boy, and so of course he does not care for dolls; but instead of a doll, he has a white rabbit made of Canton flannel that was sent to him at Christmas. For a long time Bunny slept with Frank every night, came to the table with him at meals and was his constant companion.

One day in February when it was snowing hard, Frank's father was going out. He asked the little boy if he would not like to go, too.

Soon, in warm coat, cap, mittens and leggings, Frank was ready to start. "But must go, too," he said. "I don't think he was ever out in the snow; were you Bun?"

Bunny said nothing. Indeed, it would be hard for any one to speak who was squeezed so tightly in Frank's hand. It was cold outdoors, and Frank grew tired of holding Bunny; so he tucked him in his pocket.

When he came home, mother said "Well, did you and Bunny have a nice walk?"

"O, yes; didn't we, Bun?" and Frank put his hand in his pocket to get his pet. Alas! the pocket was empty. Frank wanted to start right out to find Bunny, but mother said there would be no use, the snow had covered him by that time. Little Frank felt very sorry about his pet.

Some weeks after Frank's father was making a call, and happened to tell the lady about Frank's rabbit. When he finished, the lady excused herself and went out of the room. She came back with Bunny. "There," she said, "I am glad to know whose it is. I found it, but I didn't know to whom it belonged."

It was night when Frank's father came back with the rabbit, and Frank was asleep. But when he awoke next morning there was his own lost Bunny sitting on the bed. And that very day his father bought a real, live rabbit for him, snow white, and with pink eyes, and now he has two bunnies to play with.